The Same Old (Song and Dance) by Pastel_Mint_Boy

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Summary:

Vlad is a killer. Being in a small band of survivors; Danny is sick of the same old song and dance of spawning just to be speared. Then something unexpectedly happens where dying is the least of Danny's concerns.

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Author's Note:

> A world where serial killers and victims are in a video game experience. There's no escape and you will die. Over and over again.
>
> Vlad serial killer instincts are based off of Vladimir the impaler. Each victim had their own abilities as well. I would love to expand on this idea because I had a lot of fun tbh.
>
> This is roughly based on horror movies and games. (Inspirations are Michael Myers, Freddy Krueger, Jason Voorhees, and Leather face)
>
> But also, romance. Because Romance. Don't ask me to explain.

Danny shrills as a spear whizzes past just mere inches from his face. It stabs square into the treasure chest that he was just searching in, he knows who it is but still has the gall to turn his head and look at the person who javelined it.

"Oh fuck me sideways…" He says almost out of awe, "*Not again*!" Danny bolts as soon as the man makes chase.

Fuck. Had it already been that time again? Danny was sure that the other survivors were scattered somewhere. Yknow. Being alive. At least if not Tucker, Sam would be hiding somewhere safe. But Danny knew the routine, if the killer had already started chasing him. Then that meant he was the last one alive. The last one on his list.

Danny had been unsure if there were other killers in this realm, all he knew for certain was that if they had completed--or more than not; failed- this level, all the victims ever talked about was this one specific killer.

Vlad.

Also known as The impaler.

Upon the name, it was pretty obvious why he was called that. With the elegance of the killer's movements as well as the way they chucked their spear. Danny thought that maybe it was the fact that his ability to knick you with the spear like an arrow was where the killer got his name from.

"Oh s-shit- fuck- Tucker!" Danny freezes in his boots as he takes in the sight of his friend, the tech's lifeless body strewn across the beams off the abandoned barn, dripping blood from where he was impaled. His heart. His face screamed fear even in his dying moments and in his right hand held a key. This must have been one of the last keys to unlock the door.

In his haste, Danny pries the key out of Tucker's grasp. "I-I'll get us outta here…" Danny promised, swallowing thickly before bolting off.

Even if Danny saw Tucker's dead body at least a dozen times, it never became it any easier to digest. But he promises that he would get this key to the door, at least if he can unlock a latch, then this was one step closer to getting the fuck out of this realm.

So he makes a break for the door, unloading his energy just in sprinting there. While he wasn't as stealthy as Sam or even as tactical as Tucker, one thing Danny could actually credit himself for was his agility. Boy could run, slink himself though small and tight obstacles; running away from a guy who was about twice his own height, it gave him somewhat of an advantage.

Of course, until it isn't.

Danny slows down as he arrives at the gated door. It was decorated in five locks, each so unique from one another with its own color and design that each key was specific to. Three out of the five locks had been already undone, his made it four. So he wastes no time sticking the key into the lock and twisting it, sighing as the heavy metal falls to ground with a clang.

Only one more, Danny's sure he's got at least one more in him to find the key. For now, he just needed to regroup and-

Danny backs up slowly from the door, yelping as it feels like he's backed into a wall. But that couldn't be the case- no way. He looks over his shoulder and color drains from his face.

"O-Oh fuck me… " Danny squeaks as he's lifted by his hoodie, hands shooting up to grip the material as it chokes him. Vlad cranes their head, observing with morbid curiosity as the boy flails, kicking his feet desperately.

The killer breaks into a cruel grin, tossing the boyover his shoulder. Turning and giving Danny lost hope as the door gradually gets further and further.

Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck.

Danny was going to get impaled.

He continues to squirm, twisting his body avidly as he tries to at least slow the man down. Because while Vlad is hella strong, he was also hella impatient. He's tango with the killer way too many times that he actually remembered that fact about the brute. Maybe the other victims put up so much of a valiant effort that by the time the killer got to him, he was exhausted.

Danny wasn't going to apologize for that.

Fuck *that*. Fuck *him*.

"God, let me go!" He howls, pounding his fists against the man's back, kneeing him in the chest.

Danny gets his wish as he's carelessly thrown, discarded like a piece of trash. His small body hitting the cement ground with a thunk. It makes him grimace as his hip and arm takes most of the impact. Slowly pushing himself away, the killer looms over Danny while eyeing him silently. The boy presses his back against the wall, gulping down the petrid air that infested the… Where the fuck was he?

This was completely new. The place of course. But it still had the elements of blood, darkness and dampness, and an unwavering stench of death. It makes Danny's stomach turn almost violently. The walls were lined with devices of torture, all bloodied, rusted. Was he going to be disemboweled? Body parts severed? If he remembered correctly, Tucker spoke about the Impaler being a fan of eating their victim's flesh.

God. He was going to get eaten.

"W-What do you want?!" He dares to ask the killer, who was almost challenging Danny to make a move. But he wouldn't dare make a run for it, not with the spear being too close for comfort.

This must have been sufficient enough for the killer because he walks away momentarily. Only coming back with a box, tossing it at Danny's feet.

At first Danny eyes the killer wearily. What was he up to? And

against his better judgment, Danny slowly but surely grabs the box and pries it open. Inside it laid the last key and while it takes Danny by surprise, his gaze surges up to the killer's cold, dead eyes staring him down. There had been no emotion. There never was but even still the killer seems enthused. He wasn't sure how he could guess.

Why? Did Vlad want to play some sick game of who could get there first? Danny with the key or the killer with his spear?

What a sick joke.

"Why? Huh? Why not just kill me? It's not like you're going to let me get there!" He growls angrily, "You must fucking pity me, huh?"

He doesn't expect an answer, he doesn't get one either. For a brief moment, he thinks, maybe the man can't talk or even doesn't know how to.

No, he couldn't dwell on that and it's not like he wanted to. Danny was more concerned with the fact that the killer, the very one who killed him dozens of times before, just handed him the key to the last lock on the door and was just standing there. Staring at him silently. The man didn't even flinch at his outburst.

He dares to try and stand and when he's not met with a spear in his chest, he feels a bit secure. Like a little bit. Miniscule in the grand scheme of things. He grips the key tightly.

Danny thinks, if he could gather some of his stamina back, he could possibly make a mad dash to the door. Of course, if he could unlock it in time, he would have to quickly get through. Then they all would come back to this realm. They always did. But at least a bit stronger and safer than before.

He rounds the killer slowly, the man following his every movement, tilting their head and staring at him through the bird mask. And with all the energy he can muster, Danny makes a dash. A sharp pain in his hip, but not because of a spear luckily. His body took a beating,

he was surprised he didn't pass out from exhaustion but that doesn't stop him.

His heart pounds in his temples, breathing heaving as he continues running. He doesn't bother looking back, he knows if he did that the man would be right there behind him. Whatever logic this place had, the killer was always close even if he ran faster than the man could walk.

Shaking his head, he knocks those thoughts away until he sees the door in sight again. Even as his legs feel like jelly and lungs burned, he doesn't stop until he pushes the key into the lock. The last of the chains rattle, falling to the ground with a heavy thud. He takes a deep breath, pulling at the handle and when a deep clunking noise happens, he gapes.

Never ever had *he* been able to open the door before. But… It was almost like the heavens sung when it slowly creaks, groaning as Danny pulls.

Glancing behind him as he takes a step, he swallows thickly. Vlad stands there in the distance, the fog engulfing his form slowly. Danny frowns, watching the man closely while backing away through the door until the light swallows his form.

He didn't understand. Why would the killer help him to the next level? There must have been some kind of catch, did the next level make the man stronger as well? Maybe there were some weird perks with helping the victims advance. Had to be.

The number of keys were the same. The areas of the map didn't change and no new locations were added. Of course, Danny knew of one specific place that none of the victims knew of and only he saw. That was probably a key location. Probably. Maybe.

Who knows.

Anyway though, this was the first time that any of them made it

through the door and everything he heard about the door had been true. When he walked though, Sam and Tucker were on the other side, alive and well. They had picked up an abundance of food and fresh water, as well as sleeping bags and a small shelter to reside.

Their abilities did benefit from a small boost, Sam had increased stealth, Tucker increased intelligence and Danny was a lot more flexible. He found himself being near gymnast level, training to dance around, over and under wooden objects and such. He grins at the improvements. Yeah, he wasn't disappointed.

Sam rests a hand on his shoulder, making Danny look up at her curiously.

She gives him a warm look, "I don't know how you were able to get both keys, but thanks."

Danny nods, smiling nervously. Yeah, he didn't think he would either, but they were here now. This was honestly so much better. "No problem…"

"Yeah!- hey, how did you do it anyway?" Tucker looks up from the campfire, "Because, dude, that Impaler guy just-" He makes a stabbing motion before resting it over his heart.

Sam rolls her eyes, kneeling down to continue cooking their meal. Danny just shrugs his shoulder, "I don't know… I

I guess I lost him for a bit… Bought myself some time before gunning for the last one."

The lie rolls off his tongue smoothly and neither victim questions it. Why would they? Danny looked more like a savior than what actually happened for him. Besides he had to be weary regardless, he didn't know the killer's intentions. Maybe they wanted Danny to tell his friends what happened, maybe lure them into a false sense of security.

He didn't know. He was grasping at straws.

Their heads snap in the same direction as the horns for the next round blares. It's an indication that they have an hour to get up and get ready. Tucker takes off his glasses with a groan, falling back while pressing the balls of his hands against his eyes.

Sam sighs, nodding to herself as if to build her will. Not even a day later, hell, not even half a day and they were back in the fray. Danny eats the rest of his soup, letting the warmth ease into his achy bones. They don't have time to sulk, almost like clockwork they all stand and grab their bags.

The three share an affirmative look before running off in their own directions.

Danny feels pretty good this round, if he were to be completely honest. So far the three of them found four keys collectively and Danny was on his way to the last one. He didn't hear any bells, so that was good because that meant nobody died yet. The thing was, where was The impaler?

Not that Danny cared to know, yet he needed to. Knowing if he was going to run into the killer was kinda important. Since he hadn't seen the killer and neither of the other victims were dead, maybe the killer was having an off day.

Was he going to try and understand how killers have off days? No, that would be totally crazy.

Besides, now he was in the abandoned house, pushing open and sifting through dressers, desks, rotting wood and broken fixtures in an attempt to find the key.

As he turns, he shrieks, accidently backing himself into a shelf. Books and small knick knacks fall around him while dust flourishes with vengeance. It makes Danny's eyes water and his lungs wheeze, burning slightly.

Vlad stands before him.

"Oh shit-" He quickly shuts his eyes, waiting to be impaled. Hopefully through the heart. At least then, he'd be dead in seconds. The other option was completely unforgivably painful and was something akin to suffering the seven sins of hell. It happened once when he first arrived here. The excruciating pain was never to be forgotten.

But when nothing happens, Danny peeks while he holds his breath. Vlad had still been there but only a few inches from his face, which Danny squeaks and pushes his body impossibly closer against the shelf. Being this close, he was able to make out very crisp details about the killer he otherwise would have never seen.

The man was relatively groomed in a weird 'killer' way. The man's hair was pale, slicked back neatly and from how the cut of the mask was, he grew a pretty full beard. His suit was also neatly done, black with white pinstripes, blood spattered across half his form. Probably from killing him and his friends time and time again.

The brute cranes the head like a bird, twitching slightly before deep laughter rumbles from their chest. Making Danny jump slightly at how loud and condescending it sounded.

He barks out nervously, "W-What?! I'm not trying to play games with you! Just kill me already! "

Swallowing thickly, Danny digs his nails into the brittle wood, cracking it under his fingers. Vlad doesn't stop grinning, bringing a hand up to Danny's jaw. He grips rather firmly and forcefully cranes the boy's head, causing Danny to wince.

What was he waiting for?!

Danny bites into his lower lip, jolting in pain as Vlad sinks his teeth into the boy's neck. It feels like his life is being drained, his mind going fuzzy around the edges. Even as the killer pulls back, he runs his tongue along the bloodied skin almost apologetically. It makes Danny tremble, panting and even more terrified than he was before.

Their eyes meet and Danny whimpers nervously, fear creeping into his voice, "W-What do you want?"

Almost brokenly as if the voice had been abandoned for years, the noise is still as deep yet unsettling, crackling to make a coherent word.

"***You***."

Author's Note:

I hope you enjoyed it!

I've been reading a lot of Horror fics with this sort of style of writing. Let me know if you'd want to see more, I plan on writing a series about this anyway.

Any requests, hmu in the comments or dms.

Let me know what you think? It's highly appreciated.